

Good Friday Inspiration, by Wynand de Wet

AI Generated Poem

The Father's "No" became our "Yes"

By Wynand de Wet (AI refined)

A cross foretold, a shameful, cruel demise,
The prophecy of pain must be fulfilled.
The Lord's own will to crush His Son, despised,
To bear our grief, our sins, our souls to shield.

In Gethsemane, the Savior's anguished plea,
"Abba, Father, all is possible for You.
Take this bitter cup of suffering from me—
Yet not my will, but Yours, I'll follow through."

A Father's "No," yet woven with a "Yes,"
For prophecy's fulfillment, for our gain.
A "No" to spare, a "Yes" to save, to bless,
To ransom souls from sin's eternal chain.

With slaves and outcasts, He was counted low,
Despised, rejected, faces turned away.
A Man of Sorrows, pain His heart would know,
Esteemed as naught, that we might see God's face.

The nails, they tore through hands that healed and blessed,
His body raised, impaled on rugged wood.
Through feet, another spike, His frame compressed,
Yet silent, bearing mockery where He stood.

Just eight feet high, He hung in agony,
Each breath a struggle, blood and strength outpoured.
No curse escaped His lips, no enmity,
A silent Lamb, like sheep before the sword.

Pierced for our sins, crushed for our wicked ways,
His punishment brought peace, His wounds our cure.
He gathers strays, like sheep gone far astray,
Back to the Shepherd, steadfast, strong, and sure.

O Suffering Savior, bruised for love's great cost,
God's heart revealed, His Spirit's comfort near.

Through You, the prophecy of grace was crossed,
Your pain, our peace—eternal love appears.